

OBJECTIONABLE 1950s EC COMICS!



NO. 9
SEPT

TALES



200
2TH
CANADA

FROM THE

CRYPT

FEATURING



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE VAULT-KEEPER

SINCE HENRI'S MYSTERIOUS
DISAPPEARANCE, I'VE HAD TO WORK
LATE EVERY NIGHT AND... GOOD
LORD! THIS ISN'T WAX! THIS
IS A HUMAN HAND!

MATTHU WAXWORKS



BACK ISSUES!!

THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE FAMOUS (AND INFAMOUS!) EC COMICS LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE FIRST ISSUE OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE BITTER END! GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND FILL IN THE GAPS IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!



CRYPT #1



CRYPT #2



CRYPT #3



CRYPT #4



CRYPT #5



CRYPT #6



W SCI #1



W SCI #2



W SCI #3



W SCI #4



W SCI #5



W SCI #6



SHOCK #1



SHOCK #2



SHOCK #3



SHOCK #4



SHOCK #5



SHOCK #6

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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELL? HELLO? I SEE YOU MANAGED TO SCOURGE UP COLD CASH FOR THIS COPY OF *THE CRYPT OF TERROR!* GOOD! DON'T WORRY! YOU WON'T BE SORRY! YOU'LL GET MORE THAN YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OF CHILLS! I'LL SEE TO IT! HELLO! IT'S ME AGAIN! YOUR HOST IN HONOR, *THE CRYPT-KEEPER!* WELCOME! ONCE MORE TO MY HOME... *THE CRYPT OF TERROR!* FOR MY FIRST OFFERING TO SUCKLE YOUR BLOOD, I HAVE CHOSEN ONE OF MY MOST TERROR TALES FROM MY VAST COLLECTION OF SPINE-TINGLERS HERE IN *THE CRYPT!* THIS IS THE STORY OF *OLYDE FRANKLIN*, THE RENOWNED ANIMAL HUNTER! REMEMBER HIM? REMEMBER WHEN HE DISAPPEARED? WELL, I FOUND HIM... OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM! THIS IS HIS STORY... AS HE TOLD IT TO ME... IN HIS VERY OWN WORDS! OLYDE SARCASTICALLY CALLS IT...

THE TROPHY!



Yes, I'm OLYDE FRANKLIN! MY STORY BEGINS ONE NIGHT IN MY LUXURIOUS HOME! IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE I WAS TO LEAVE ON ANOTHER OF MY HUNTING EXPEDITIONS! A REPORTER FROM THE 'MORNING GLOBE' WAS DROPPED IN TO INTERVIEW ME! I FOUND HIM WAITING FOR ME IN THE TROPHY ROOM! HE STARED AT THE HEAD-LINED WALLS WIDE-EYED...

AH? I SEE YOU HAVE DISCOVERED MY TROPHY ROOM?

OH? MR. FRANKLIN? YOU STARTLED ME!

I HAD TO KEEP MYSELF FROM LAUGHING! THE REPORTER WAS PALE AS A SHEET...

DON'T YOU LIKE MY SCOUNDRELS?

THEY... THEY'RE GREAT-SOME! SOME OF THEM LOOK... SO ALIVE!



OH, COME NOW, SIR! THESE ARE MEMENTOS OF MY PAST HUNTING TRIPS! THEY'RE... MY... MY RECORDS OF ADVENTURE!

HOW COULD YOU?



WHAT? HOW COULD YOU MURDER THESE POOR CREATURES... KILL THEM... THEN STUFF THEIR HEADS AND HANG THEM HERE! IT'S GRAVE!



HOW! HOW! BE REASONABLE, SIR! I WANT FOR THE PURE SPORT OF IT! THESE ARE MY... MY SCOUNDRELS! LIKE TOUCHDOWN... IN FOOTBALL! SURELY YOU CANNOT DENY A MAN HIS SPORT?

SPORT IS IT? IT'S MURDER! THESE POOR CREATURES ONCE LIVED... LIKE YOU OR IF YOU MURDERED THEM!



...I THINK THIS INTERVIEW IS AT AN END, YOUR MAN! GOOD-EVENING!

GOOD NIGHT!



THE YOUNG REPORTER STORMED OUT OF MY TROPHY ROOM... STAMPED ACROSS THE MARBLE HALL... WHISKED HIS HAT OFF THE BACK... OPENED THE HUGE OAK DOOR... AND BLANDED IT HARD! I BEGAN TO LAUGH...

POOR FOOL! HAH, HAH! WHAT'S HE SO WORRIED UP ABOUT AFTER ALL! THEY'RE ONLY ANIMALS!



THE NEXT MORNING, I Woke UP AT DAWN! AFTER A HEAVY BREAKFAST, I PACKED THE LAST REMAINING NECESSITIES INTO MY STATION WAGON AND SAID GOOD-BYE TO MY SCOUNDRELS...

GOOD-BYE, JEEVES! I'LL BRING A MOOSE-HEAD JUST FOR YOU!

GOOD-BYE, SIR! GOOD LUCK!



MY TRIP THIS TIME WAS TO TAKE ME UP THE ALASKAN HIGHWAY IN SEARCH OF CARIBOU, PUMA, MOOSE, OR ANY OTHER UNFORTUNATE ANIMAL THAT MIGHT CROSS MY PATHS.



AFTER AFRICA AND INDIA, THIS TRIP WILL BE FAIR!

JUST A FEW MILES OUT OF PRINCE GEORGE, CANADA, I MADE MY FIRST CAMP.



THERE DUGHT TO BE PLENTY OF MOOSE AND CARIBOU IN THESE WOODS! I'LL TRY MY LUCK EARLY AND EARLY TOMORROW MORNING!

THE NEXT DAY, I TRACKED A MOOSE FOR THREE HOURS! FINALLY I CAUGHT UP WITH HIM! HE WAS STANDING IN THE SHALLOW WATERS OF A SMALL LAKE DRINKING HIS FILL.



LOOK AT THOSE ANTLERS! WHAT A TROPHY HE'LL MAKE!

HE TURNED TOWARD ME AND BELLOWED AS I CAME OUT IN THE OPEN. I RAISED MY GUN, SIGHTED CAREFULLY AND...



HE DROPPED TO HIS KNEES! HE SHOOKED HIMSELF! HIS BEADY EYES WEDGED! HE STUMBLERED TO HIS FEET AND CHARGED...



I STOOD MY GROUND! I RAISED MY GUN AGAIN! I WAITED UNTIL I KNEW I COULD HIT THE VITAL SPOT THEN I FIRED.



HE WENT DOWN AS THE BULLET STRUCK HIM! HE ROLLED OVER AND LAY DEAD AT MY FEET! HE WAS TREMENDOUS! HIS HEAD WAS GOING TO BE A WONDERFUL ADDITION TO MY TROPHY ROOM.



I UNSHEATHED MY KNIFE AND SET TO WORK...

THE NEXT DAY, I BROKE CAMP AND CONTINUED ON MY WAY ABOUT NOON, I STOPPED AT ONE OF THE FEW GAS STATIONS ALONG THE ALASKAN HIGHWAY...

BETTER FILL 'ER UP, MISTER, MY TAKE AGAIN TO SPORT? NEXT STATION'S TWO HUNDRED MILES!



GOOD IDEA?

SAY! THAT'S SOME MOOSE-HEAD YOU GOT THERE! WHERE'D YOU SEE 'EM?



NORTH OF PRINCE GEORGE? HE'S A BEAUTY, ISN'T HE?

WHERE'S THE CARCASS?



I LEFT IT! I JUST WANTED THE HEAD FOR MY TROPHY ROOM!

SHUCKS! THAT'S A LOT OF MEAT GONE TO WASTE! POLICE UP HERE HUNT FOR FOOD!



WELL, I HUNT FOR SPORT!

IT WAS TOWARD EVENING THAT IT HAPPENED! I WAS SPEEDING ALONG AT A FAST CLIP WHEN I SAW THE ROAD STRETCH AHEAD...



SPEEDS!

I BLAMMED MY FOOT DOWN ON THE BRAKES! THE TWO FRONT TIRES EXPLODED AS THE SPEED RIPPED INTO THEM! THE STATION-WAGON LURCHED GRABLY, AND I FELT IT GOING OVER...



THERE WAS A HORRIBLE CRASH AND EVERYTHING WENT BLACK...



WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS LYING ON A COUCH IN A MUSTY CARRIAGE AS THE COB-WEBS CLEARED. I HEARD A STRANGE SOUND! IT WAS THE STEADY THROBBING OF A MOTOR COMING FROM THE NEXT ROOM...

WH. WHERE AM I? I... I REMEMBER! THE GRANT!



SUDDENLY, AS I LAY THERE, I HEARD VOICES COMING FROM THE ROOM WITH THE THROBBING MOTOR...

NO! PLEASE! DON'T! HAVE MERCY!

HAAAAA!



MY BLOOD FROZE IN MY VEINS! IT BOUNCED LIKE SOMEONE WAS BEING TORTURED...

WHAT IS BLAZING? I'VE GOT TO...

PLEASE... NO! AAAAAAANT!



I TRIED TO MOVE! AN EXCRUCIATING PAIN SHOT THROUGH MY LEG! I LOOKED DOWN! IT WAS TWISTED! IT WAS...

SHOCK! MY LEG IS BROKEN! I CAN'T MOVE!



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENED! FOR A MOMENT I HEARD THE MOTOR... LOUDER! AND THERE WAS ANOTHER SOUND! A GURGLING SOUND! LIKE WATER BEING PUMPED THROUGH PIPES...

ARE YOU'VE SOME SOUND?



HE CLOSED THE DOOR, SHUTTING OUT THE SOUNDS! HE SMILED AT ME...

HOW DO YOU FEEL? I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT HAVE A CONCUSSION!

FINE... EXCEPT FOR MY LEG! YOU TALK LIKE YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT REQUIRING! WHY COULDN'T YOU PUT MY LEG IN A SPLINT?



I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR LEG!

WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU? WHO AND HAVE YOU NOT IN THERE? IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE TORTURING HIM!





YOU HEARD?

YES! LOOK... YOU'VE GOT TO GET MY LEG OR GET ME TO A DOCTOR!



YOU'RE NOT SOME ART-WEAVE! YOU'RE NOT... BY PRISONER!

THE UPNEE! YOU PUT THEM ACROSS THE ROAD!



EXACTLY! LET US SAY I 'BANGED' YOU AS A HUNTER BARE AN ANIMAL!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?



HE TURNED AND STARTED OUT THE DOOR...

YOU'LL SEE YOU'LL SEE!



I WATCHED HIM AS HE CROSSED THE CLEARING AND ENTERED WHAT APPEARED TO BE A WOODSHOP.

Wooooo... Awww!



HE WAS OBVIOUSLY MAD! WHICHEVER HE HAD IN THAT ROOM WITH THE CEASELESSLY THROBBING MOTOR WAS IN GREAT PAIN! I DECIDED TO TRY TO REACH THE DOOR TO SEE...

WY...LED! IT'S...JELING...ME!



WITH A GREAT DEAL OF EFFORT... I MANAGED TO HALF HOP, HALF DRAG MYSELF ACROSS THE ROOM TO THE DOOR'S PLING IT OPEN...

WHY... THERE'S NO ONE HERE!

THE ROOM WAS EMPTY! ON A BARE, WHITE TABLE WAS A RATHER LARGE ROUND BOX? IT LOOKED LIKE A HAT BOX? ON THE FLOOR, A SMALL MOTOR THROBbed! IT SEEMED TO BE A PUMP ARRANGEMENT! FROM AN ATTACHED TANK SEVERAL RUBBER TUBES RAN OFF TOWARD THE TABLE...

IF... IF I HEARD THE MOTOR, AND IT'S HERE... THEN THE PEAR-SOFT I HEARD MUST BE HERE, TOO!



OVER THE TABLE A BOTTLE HUNG UPSIDE DOWN? IT LOOKED LIKE THE KIND OF BOTTLE USED TO ADMINISTER PLASMA! A TUBE RAN FROM IT DOWN TO THE TABLE...

FUNNY! ALL THE TUBES SEEM TO BE WIRRED THAT BOX!



I GRABBED MYSELF, PAINFULLY, TO THE TABLE! I STARED DOWN AT THE STRANGE BOX! I SAW NOW THAT IT WAS ONLY A COVER! SUDDENLY THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF MY NECK CRAMBLED! ONCE AGAIN, THAT REPETITIVE GAD MOAN...

IT... IT CAME FROM THE BOX!



I GRABBED THE HANDLE AND RAISED THE COVER! THE MOST HORRIFYING SIGHT I HAVE EVER SEEN MET MY EYES! I SCREAMED...

YAAAAAHHHHH!



THERE, ON THE TABLE, WAS A LIVING, BREATHING, HUMAN HEAD! IT BLINKED AT ME THROUGH WIDE EYES...

WAKE UP, FOOL! GET AWAY FROM HERE! HE'S MAD... MAD!



I STOOD ROOTED TO THE SPOT, UNABLE TO MOVE! THE UNDESCRIBABLE HORROR I FELT NUMBED MY SENSES...

DO YOU HEAR ME? GET AWAY FROM HERE! IT'S TOO LATE! DO YOU WANT TO END UP LIKE ME?



SUDDENLY, THE HEAD'S WIDE STAREING EYES LOOKED BEYOND ME! I SPUN AROUND...

WELL! I SEE YOU HAVE DISCOVERED MY TROPHY ROOM!



YOUR TROPHY ROOM?
WALTER: THIS IS WHERE I WILL KEEP THE HEADS OF ALL OF MY GAME!



HE TURNED AND TOOK A CAN OFF A SHELF...
YOU'RE GREAT! YOU CAN'T HUNT NIGHT ANIMALS BEHIND!



THEN HE REACHED FOR A SPONGE...
SPORTY! IT'S MY SPONGE!
CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL... IT'S MY IDEA OF SPORTY!



HE GAVE ME WITH THE CAN AND SPONGE! I TRIED TO GET AWAY, BUT MY BROKEN LEG SENT ME SPRAWLING! HE CLAPPED THE DAMP SPONGE OVER MY NOSE AND MOUTH, AND I SMELLED THE STICKERING PUNYENT OOR OF CHILDSPONGE! I BEGAN TO LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS... DRIFTING OFF INTO A BLACK ABYSS...]



AFTER ALL...
THEY'RE ONLY HUMAN BEINGS!

HE POINTED AT ME! THE MAN WITH THE WIFE WAS OUT AND BREWED AS IF HE HAD BEEN IN AN ACCIDENT...

... AND THIS IS MY LATEST REMUNTO... FROM A PAST INSTANT TRIP! NOW YOU TOO WILL BECOME ONE OF MY BEINGS OF ACHIEVEMENT!



WHEN THE DARKNESS FIDED AND I CAME TO, I WAS STARING OUT OVER THE WHITE EXPANSE OF THE TABLE TOP! THE DOOR OPENED! HE DASHED IN! HE HAD SOMEONE WITH HIM...



... BUT BEFORE YOU DIE, I WANT YOU TO SEE MY TROPHY ROOM!

HOLD UP! YES! THAT'S CLIVE FRANKLIN'S STORY. IN HIS OWN WORDS! THAT'S HOW HE TOLD IT TO ME WHEN I DROPPED IN TO SEE MY FRIEND WHO LIVES IN THE LITTLE CABIN NEAR THE ALASKAN HIRWAY! YOU SHOULD SEE HIS TROPHY ROOM NOW! HE'S GETTING TO BE ONE OF THE HUNTERS! NOW, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO MY FELLOW



SHOULUNATIC, THE HAZEL-KEEPER, FOR SOME MORE SKULL-DUNNERY!

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

I SEE IT'S "GOOD-EYES" TIME FOR ME AGAIN! TIME FOR ME TO SPACE THE PAGES OF THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S MAGAZINE WITH A HORROR TALE FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION OF SPINE-TINGLERS HERE IN THE HOUSE OF HORROR! YES, I AM THE KRYPT-KEEPER! COME IN AND LIE DOWN ON THAT STRETCHER-BACK OVER THERE! YOU'LL HAVE A HORROROUS GOOD TIME WITH THIS TALE OF THE MACABRE I AM ABOUT TO RELATE! I CALL IT...

"JUDY, YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF TODAY!"



DONALD ABELSON STOOD AT THE DOOR OF HIS LOVELY LITTLE HOME AND KISSED HIS WIFE GOOD-EYE! HE WAS LEAVING FOR THE OFFICE! HE LOOKED INTO HER SOFT BROWN EYES AND WHISPERED THE WARNING HE HAD REGULARLY REPEATED EVERY MORNING SINCE THEY HAD BEEN MARRIED...

"GOOD-EYE, JUDY DEAR! I'LL BE HOME AT THE USUAL TIME! REMEMBER, DON'T OPEN THE DOOR TO STRANGERS."

"I WON'T, DON! GOOD-EYE! DON! WORK TOO HARD!"



JUST BEFORE WATCHING HER HUSBAND, DONALD, STROLL DOWN THE SMALL-TOWN STREET...

...FLAG HIS REGULAR MORNING BUS AS IT CAME TO THE CORNER...

...AND GET ABOARD! SHE WAITED HER USUAL FAREWELL KISS AFTER HIM AS THE BUS BOARED AWAY DOWN THE TREE-LINED STREET...



THEN SHE WENT INSIDE! SHE CLOSED THE DOOR AND SHAKED...

"POOR DARLING! HE WORRIES ABOUT ME SO! ALWAYS AFRAID SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN TO ME WHEN HE LEAVES ME ALONE! EVERY DAY! I... OH, DEAR! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR..."



JUDY OPENED THE DOOR AND PEEKED OUT! ON THE STEPS STOOD A BENT AND WHINKLED OLD LADY... HER HEAD COVERED WITH A RAGGED SHAWL! AS HER BEADY EYES GAUNTED RIGHT AT JUDY, SHE SMILED A TOOTHLESS GRIN...

"PLEASE... YOUNG LADY! HAVE PITY ON A POOR OLD WOMAN... WHO HASN'T EATEN IN TWO DAYS! SHARE A CRUST OF BREAD, OR A COIN... PLEASE!"

"I... I... WAIT A MOMENT, PLEASE!"



JUDY HURRIED INTO THE KITCHEN AND GOT HER PURSE! AS SHE CAME BACK THROUGH THE HALL...

"THE POOR WOMAN, HAVING TO BEP FROM DOOR TO DOOR FOR A BITE TO EAT? I'LL JUST... HAFF..."

"YOU HAVE A LOVELY HOME, MA'AM! BUT BETTER STILL, YOU HAVE A LOVELY YOUNG BODY... JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!"



JUDY STARED INTO THE OLD WOMAN'S BLOODSHOT EYES! HER FINGERS CLUTCHED AT HER RACING HEART...

"MY BODY? WHAT... WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

"I AM AN OLD WOMAN, ONE! MY BODY IS BENT WITH AGE... ACHEING WITH THE PAIN OF TINED BONES! I AM GOING TO FARE YOUR BODY... AND GIVE YOU MORE! A FAIR EXCHANGE..."



YOU... YOU'RE JOKING
WITH ME? HERE...
HERE'S A DOLLAR
NOW. PLEASE GO!

NO, MY DEAR! I AM
NOT JOKING! YOU ARE
EXACTLY WHAT I'VE
BEEN LOOKING FOR...



THE SHARPLES, CRIELED. OLD WOMAN REACHED OUT A WRITTY,
WRINKLED HAND AND CAUGHT JUDY'S WRIST! SHE BEGAN TO
UTTER WORDS SPILLABLES AND INCOHERENT JARGON! JUDY
STARTED TO FEEL WEAK. DIZZY! SHE SCREAMED...



SUDDENLY EVERYTHING WENT BLACK!
JUDY FELT HERSELF FALLING... FALLING...
... INTO THE EMPTY VELVET BLACK
VOID OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS...

WHEN SHE CAME TO, SHE WAS
LYING ON THE FLOOR! SHE STARED
DOWN AT THE FAMILIAR FLOOR! THEN
HER SAGE FELL UPON HER HAND!
IT WAS KNITTY... WRINKLED... THE
HAND OF AN OLD WOMAN...

JUDY SCRAMBLED TO HER FEET AND
STUMBLED TO THE MIRROR ABOVE
THE FIRE PLACE! SHE LOOKED...
HORRIFIED... AT THE IMAGE SHE SAW!
IT WAS THE FACE OF A BEADY-EYED,
TOOTHLESS, BENT OLD LADY...



JUDY RUSHED TO THE TELEPHONE! UNBEARABLE PAINS
SHOT LIKE NEEDLES THROUGH HER SHARPLES AND
CROOKED LIMBS...

SONALS? THIS IS JUDY? SOME
MOMENT... BEEP... BUZZ... SOMETHING... HORRIBLE
HAS HAPPENED...



MEANWHILE, A THIN YOUNG FELLOW MOVED DOWN
THE MAIN STREET OF THE SMALL TOWN... THE
STOLEN BODY OF JUDY ABLESON...



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, DONALD ABELSON RUSHED THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR OF HIS HOUSE...



SPRINKLED ON THE COUCH IN THE LIVING ROOM, DONALD FOUND A SOBBERING OLD WOMAN...



THE GRAYED OLD WOMAN RUSHED TO DONALD AND FLUNG HER SOBBY ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK...



DONALD STIFLED THE FEELING OF BARRICA THAT SWEEP OVER HIM AS THE OLD WOMAN KESSED HIS CHEEKS AND WEPT...

FOR BOB'S SAKE, OLD WOMAN! STOP YOUR WHISPERING AND TELL ME... WHAT DID YOU DO WITH JUDY?

I AM JUDY... DONALD! BELIEVE ME! I AM...



JUDY, NO LONGER POSSESSING HER YOUNG TRIM BODY, BUT THAT OF AN OLD WOMAN... BOBBED OUT THE WHOLE STORY...

...AND WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, I FOUND MYSELF IN HER BODY! DONALD, BOB... WHAT WILL I DO? WHAT WILL I DO...?



DONALD LISTENED TO THE INCREDIBLE STORY! HE STANDED AT THE OLD WOMAN IN DISBELIEF.

LET ME PROVE I AM JUDY, DONALD! ASK ME ANYTHING THAT ONLY JUDY WOULD KNOW!



DONALD THREW AWAY! HE THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN...

ALL RIGHT! IF YOU CAN ANSWER THIS... I MUST BELIEVE YOU! WHAT WAS THE NUMBER OF THE ROOM IN THE HOTEL WHERE WE SPENT OUR HONEYMOON?



DONALD COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EARS! HE ASKED OTHER QUESTIONS... MORE PERSONAL QUESTIONS! THE BENT OLD WOMAN ANSWERED THEM ALL... CORRECTLY...

JUDY WILL YOU... IT'S HORRIBLE! BELIEVE ME? HORRIBLE! WHY...



THE RINGING OF THE TELEPHONE INTERRUPTED DONALD'S EXCLAMATION...

HELLO? DON'T THIS IS GEORGE...
DOWN AT THE STATION? YOU AND YOUR WIFE HAVE A GUARREL, OLD BOY?



WHY... NO? WHAT MAKES YOU ASK?

SHE'S DOWN HERE! WAITIN' FOR THE THREE-TEN! BOUGHT A TICKET TO NEW YORK! WOULD DON'T MEAN TO PITY... BUT...



DONALD HUNG UP! HE SPUN AROUND, FACING THE WRINKLED WOMAN...

YOU SAY YOU'RE JUDY? IF YOU ARE, YOU'LL FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS... DO ANYTHING I WANT!



ANYTHING! ANYTHING!

DONALD LED THE OLD WOMAN TO A CLOSET! HE OPENED THE DOOR...

HURRY! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! PERHAPS IT ISN'T TOO LATE! I HAVE A PLAN... BUT... I'VE GOT TO LOCK YOU IN THIS CLOSET! WILL YOU LET ME?



IF IT WILL HELLO, DONALD... OF COURSE!

DONALD CLOSES THE CLOSET DOOR ON THE OLD WOMAN AND LOCKS IT! HE POCKETED THE KEY AND RAN FROM THE HOUSE! HE CURSED THE TRAFFIC AS HE SPED DOWN-TOWN IN HIS CAR...

SHE MUST BE JUDY... SHE MUST BE! NO ONE ELSE WOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO ANSWER THOSE QUESTIONS!



IT WAS THREE O'CLOCK WHEN DONALD REACHED THE STATION! HE SPOTTED JUDY'S FAMILIAR FIGURE SITTING IN THE WAITING ROOM! HE WALKED UP TO HER! SHE LOOKED AT HIM BLANKLY... WITHOUT RECOGNITION...

SHE DOESN'T KNOW ME! IT IS TRUE! IT IS TRUE! THIS IS JUDY'S BODY... BUT JUDY IS BACK HOME... IN THE OLD WOMAN'S BODY...



SUDDENLY, A DESPERATE MAD IDEA CRASHED INTO DONALD'S MIND! HE STEPPED UP TO JUDY'S BODY AND SHARLED...



SO YOU'RE RUNNING AWAY, JUDY? SO YOU CAN'T FACE THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE **CANCER**... THAT YOU'RE GOING TO **DIE** IN TWO MONTHS!

WAS I **CANCER?** **NO!**

GO AHEAD! RUN AWAY! YOU THINK YOU'LL **SPARE** ME THE **SHAME** OF WATCHING YOU **DIE** ENFALL RIGHT... IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT...

CANCER... DIE! WHAT HAVE I DONE? I'VE GOT TO GET IT **BACK**... GET MY **BODY BACK**...! **CAN'TO-ALHO-ALHO!**



SUDDENLY JUDY'S BODY... BEATED ON THE BENCH... STIFFENED THEN... THE COLOR DRAINED FROM HER CHEEKS! SHE SLUMPED FORWARD...



JUDY! JUDY!

WHAT WAS HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?

DONALD, DARLING! I'M **SOON!** DONALD! I'VE GOT MY **BODY BACK!** **JANE'S GIVEN IT BACK!**

WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE **HOUSE!**



DONALD AND JUDY SPED BACK ACROSS TOWN! THEY BUSHED INTO THE HOUSE! SOMEONE WAS HAMMERING ON THE CLOSET DOOR! DONALD TOOK HIS GUN FROM THE DRESS...



SHE'S IN THERE, JUDY! **LOOKED IN THE CLOSET...**

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, DONALD?

I'M GOING TO **KILL** HER, JUDY! SHE'S **EVIL!** I'VE GOT TO **KILL** HER OR SHE'LL **DO THIS** HORRIBLE THING **AGAIN!** NO ONE WILL **STOP** HER! WE'LL **BURY** HER IN THE **CELLAR!**



DONALD CRASHED HIS GUN INTO THE CLOSET DOOR! THEN, THEY OPENED IT! THE OLD WOMAN WAS **DEAD!** THEY CARRIED HER BODY TO THE **CELLAR** AND **BURIED** HER...



IT... IT'S **BETTER** THIS WAY, JUDY, DEAR!

YES, DONALD!

HEH, HEH! NO, RIDICULOUS! MY STORY ISN'T OVER! NOT YET! THE END GAME ABOUT SIX MONTHS LATER! ONE NIGHT, AFTER JUDY AND DONALD HAD GONE TO BED, JUDY HAD A TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE! SHE HEARD THE OLD WOMAN'S VOICE, UTTERING THOSE STRANGE WORDS! WHEN SHE AWOK...

YES, JUDY FOUND HERSELF BURIED IN THE CELLAR! DIRT FILLED HER TOOTHLESS MOUTH... PRESSED AGAINST HER BEADY EYES! SHE PUSHED UP INTO THE COLD FRESH AIR...



“SHE’S TAKEN MY BODY
AGAIN! SHE’S DONE IT AGAIN!”

JUDY, NOW IN THE CORPSE OF THE OLD WOMAN, STUMBLED UP THE CELLAR STAIRS! BITS OF ROTTED FLESH FELL AWAY AS SHE MOVED THROUGH THE HOUSE TO DONALD’S BEDROOM...

WHO... WHO'S THERE!
GOOD LORD!

IT'S ME, DONALD! JUDY!
SHE'S TAKEN MY BODY
AGAIN! KILL HER,
DONALD! KILL HER AND
SET ME FREE!



DONALD WENT FOR HIS GUN! THE DECAYED, FOUL-SMELLING CORPSE OF THE OLD WOMAN FOLLOWED HIM TO JUDY'S ROOM! DONALD FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR! THE BODY OF HIS WIFE, JUDY, WAS DRESSING PRAN-TICALLY...

...BUT
TO GET AWAY,
BEFORE HE...

“KILL HER, DONALD!
SHOOT HER! SHOOT!”



THE SUN SHOT EDGED THROUGH THE DARK HOUSE! JUDY'S BODY SLUMBED TO THE FLOOR! THEN THE CORPSE OF THE OLD WOMAN TOTTLED... AND COLLAPSED...



JUDY! JUDY!
WHERE ARE YOU!

SUDDENLY... JUDY... NOW REPOSSESSOR OF HER OWN BODY... GASPED... AS SHE PASSED AWAY...

I... I'M HERE...
DONALD! I'M
GASP... WHERE
I... BELONG!

JUDY!
JUDY!
SOR...
SOR...



HEH, HEH! WELL! THERE'S A BEARD LITTLE TALE, ISN'T IT? BUT, THERE'S A LESSON TO BE LEARNED! A GOODIE! DON'T WASTE FEAR OF THAT STRANGE OLD WOMAN WHO COMES BEARING! YOU MIGHT FIND YOURSELF IN HER SHOES! OH, BY THE WAY! YOU CAN HAVE BACK ISSUES STARRING ME... THE OLD WITCH AND MY HOST... THE CRYPT-KEEPER.



IF YOU WANT THEM! JUST READ THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER IN THIS ISSUE! THIS IS THE CRYPT-KEEPER SAYING... WE HOPE!



THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Gagel

Publisher—Russ Geofman

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I like you the most out of The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch. Your comics are great. I watch your show on HBO whenever I can and I watch your Saturday morning cartoons. I have the first book in the series of Crypt books, and I also have a book called "Tales from the Crypt." I also have some of your cards. After I read one of your comic books my sister and my mom read them. My whole family likes scary things.

One of your best stories was "Swamped" in HALBIT #5. Another of my favorites is "Reflection of Death" in CRYPT #7.

Stephen Langlois Rufford, VT

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I love your comic books, they are great! I'm 11 years old. My brother Mike likes your comics, too, and he is 13. I love HALBIT #7, it's very good. I was wondering how to get "Tales from the Crypt" Trading Cards? I look everywhere and I can't find them. They look cool. I would love to have a pencil, so please print my address.

Josh Elder RT 2, BX 37
Carter, SD 57526

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

It's me again. You know, David Rodriguez. I still want to know who was thrown off the sled in your story "Wolf Bait" (available in GLAD HALBIT #4 as a book insert), and I won't stop writing until you answer it! Well! I can wait forever; the real question is, can you? Eternally yours,

David Rodriguez Huntington Park, CA

All of the comics mentioned above are available as book inserts! See the back cover of this comic for info on "Crypt" Cards! Spend money!

The perfect present to those off the back of a sled whose pursued by wolves is... Larry Talbot! Well, hold that thought until a month from now, there's a sleigh, not a sled. Mymom with "slay," if that helps!

—CK

Your comic books are the best! I never thought before that I'd enjoy comic books but as soon as I read one of yours, I loved it. One thing I would like to know is who were your parents, and what year were you born in?

John Gilo Saegus, MA

To Russ,

Hi, how's it swinging? Oh here I just recently began collecting EC comics. My first was CRYPT #7. My favorite was "Swamp" it was cool. Could you tell me the Crypt-Keeper's origin? I've always wondered how he came to be. Tales from the Crypt Rules! Cryptically yours,

William D. Weichle Ft Wayne, IN

We can tell you my origin, in GLAD CRYPT #1; or you can wait for CRYPT #3. CRYPT Rules! Whu-whu-whu! (Imagine considerable arm-waving here.) —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I think The Old Witch is a genius. I like your comic books a lot. This is the first time ever I read your comics! I am very impressed with the stories. The Vault-Keeper is worse than The Old Witch. The Vault-Keeper stories of telling stories.

I also write my own comics. Have you ever spotted someone? My favorite story is "Reflection of Death" in issue #7. Keep up the good work.

Robert Retalich, 3rd Grade Schenectady, NY

The Vault-Keeper stories WHILE telling stories! —CK

17 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE

Dear Russ,

I am 8 years old. Sometimes I feel sad. I put out some TALES FROM THE CRYPT. I read stories and I feel great. I just started [recently]. Your friend

Sherry Bookarian New York, NY

Dear CK,

I am a big fan and a very old fan of you. I started getting interested in you when I was three, now I am nine almost ten. I got CRYPT 7 (and seven others). I read them all.

Joan Helminch New York, NY

To Russ,

I watch the "Tales from the Crypt" TV show, and I just have to say "What's with the Crypt-Keeper?" If you can't do it, I think it needs more BLOOD! Yours Truly,

Donna Ross, age 10 Plainfield, NJ

Dear Russ,

I love your comic books in Tales from the Crypt. When I grew up, I want to become a doctor. I also want to become a comic book collector. John Wingley is the only comic book collector I know. He collected 180 books [by] 1962, [and by] 1968 had a total of 208 comic books.

I watch "Tales from the Crypt" on FOX. I like the one with David Warner about that [fancy] girl. That's one of my favorites.

Jonathan Carter, 11 years old Detroit, MI

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I am 11 years old. I watch your [HBO] TV show a lot, but I don't think I'd like the cartoon.

I collect your comics, but unfortunately I can't find them right now. You, The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch's comics are the scariest I've ever read. Are the stories in your comics the ones in the TV show?

Paul D'Leary Needham, MA

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Hi. All I can say is, great comic! Keep it coming! I'm 12

going on 13, and a great fan. I don't have HBO, but your show comes on Saturday now on regular TV. Your comics are only at one place, Chesterfield Mass. Print my address. I love pen-pals. I also love Stephen King movies and books. Great comic! Your #1 Fan,

Sarah Lowmelle

888 Sunbridge Dr
Chesterfield, MA 03017

Hey CK,

I've been an old horror fan since I was 11. Up until now, at 15, nothing grosses me out like CRYPT. It has the best storyline and art. My favorite frame is from "Reflection of Death", when the character sees his mingled reflection in the mirror. I was wondering if you sold any CRYPT posters. My parents won't let me hang real decomposed bodies on my wall, so...

Another thing I've been wondering is if you had any tips on how to draw corpses and other gruesome pictures. I've tried but they look too well after. If there is anyone out there who has as much of a horror fanatic as he, write to me.

Mike Torrey

30 Solvia St
Milanville, CT 06028

What, no 14-year-olds? Ye' know, the thing that bugs me the most about the HBO and Midvid "Crypt-Keeper" is the squeaky voice. Not at all like my real, occupational boyfriend.

They do adapt authentic EC comics stories, and retain the original titles. You've perhaps noticed that all of them are presented as news, even when they were actually told by WK or GW.

We have no EC posters, but I would take only 2000 trading cards to cover an \$810 wall! —CK

Dear Crypt Reader,

Hi. I just moved to Indiana. What I want to know is, do you have a fan club? If you do I'll be willing to join. I think that your comics, shows, and cards are the greatest. I never miss any of your shows because they're so cool.

Cameron Lee

Carmel, IN

Check last month's HAUNT 8 and INC 8P 8 for the latest RAM CLUB NEWS news, and watch for that feature in WALT, as well. —CK

Dear CK,

There is TALES FROM THE CRYPT comic, CRYPT video, CRYPT television series, CRYPT cartoons, CRYPT pin ball and CRYPT trading cards. What next? Are there going to be TALES FROM THE CRYPT jackets, t-shirts, baseball caps and figures? Or, even a computer game, if I hear so?

Is there a video I can buy of the HBO television series?

Oliver Whynne

Farnham Surrey, GB

Brits & Gits tell me the videos are the only way to consume the HBO shows there, I don't know details, tho, sorry. —CK

Dear Crazy Bag of Bones

I read CRYPT 7 and I think [redacted] is a stuck up Ghoulie! I think you should decide who the No. 1 fan is! And I think "Last Respect!" was real Ghoulie!!! "Scares!" are very thrilling, and as are "Voodoo Death!" I would give you two thumbs up but I got my hand chopped off (Never make your sister mad)

[redacted] who wrote a letter in CRYPT 7, is not stuck up because he doesn't claim to be the best! I think [redacted] is real cool! I think the witch and you make a ghoulie couple! And I think you have your way of getting your tale in the crowd! You have a comic, card set, show on FOX and HBO, and a cartoon on Saturday morning!

I hope you publish this letter because someone has to tell [redacted] he's stuck up! Well, I have some things to settle with my sister. Please print my address because me and Lloyd have something to settle! I think [redacted] rules!

Jason Parker

833 Teachers Ct
Bayton, GA 31302

Now, now—murder's right! I deleted the names, positive and negative, to save you some flakouts, some flaked! You all know by now that anyone can be #1. Unless you're all #1 with me—so long as you buy the comics! It's like Joey says, next letter... —CK

I just finished CRYPT #7 and I was disgusted! Not at your pulp-pounding tales of horror, but at the letter page! There's #1 fans—humpf! Yet, I have the solution to your conundrum of just who deserves to be EC's #1 fan. Without further ado, here it is: WHO CARES? What's really important, mind you, is who deserves to be #0 fan! After all, with #0 comic books all the rage, what about that worthy fan who is #0? And the reward? One! One! One! One! #1! How tall's get serious, CK. Is being the plain, old, non-enhanced #1 fan important at all? I don't think so. On to the stories.

"Reflection of Death", despite some wonderful art by Al Feldstein, was an all-too-typical story of the time. EC turned out masterpieces which everybody remembers. Yet, I'll admit that Bill Gaines and his merry Ghoulies told their share of cliched stories, such as the one. Yet, with the good came the bad, and the EC output of brilliant short stories could not be matched.

The Old Witch's tale for the issue "Last Respect!" was better than the initial tale and was a real one-linger. Without any supernatural overtones, the story showed just how far a typical red-blooded 1950s boy would go for his girl. Graham Ingels did a great job on the visuals, and the story presented one of the few times that I've enjoyed Graham's unique work, usually [I prefer] the cleaner and more stylized styles of Craig and Feldstein. Overall, "Last Respect!" was an enjoyable, if slightly horrible, piece. And most fascinating of all, the subject matter is not something which is totally unbelievable (Get you ever catch "Alive," CK? Or even those wacky headlines always trying to entice Gilligan? Ah, the classics of film and television.

"Scares!" was definitely the best story in the issue. It was great to see Jack Davis' art in this story, especially to note the evolution of his art, from yesterday's comics to today's commercial art, caricature and pastiche art. The exaggerated faces that have become a Davis trademark were present in the story, which gave "Scares!" an almost-humorous visual impact. The story itself was suspenseful and quite a testament to the power of fortune tellers, gypsies, mediums and psychics. And a note to you, CK: "a happy medium"? Ha, ha.

Finally, we have "Voodoo Death!" in Hell. This was quite an interesting piece about one which went by of too quickly. Maybe all of EC's voodoo stories could be presented, at least the best of them, in a miniseries format. I'd love to see such theme miniseries show up, such as "vampires" compilation or a book of "lovers' tales."

Joey Marchese

Union, NJ

I wouldn't be caught undead watching "Alive." —CK

Dear CK, WK, GW,

I really like your comic books and that new cartoon on television. Both are very interesting and enjoyable to read and watch. On Saturday mornings I get up and watch "Tales from the Crypt." Most of the time I read the comic books. To me, nothing is more exciting than reading horror stories.

Trevin Monte

Apex, NC

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

My name is Jason Jarmoville and I am 11 years old. I love EC comics and all the fabulous stories. I would like to start out by saying I watch your TV show and that's how I found out about the comics. I went to my local comic book store. All they had was the original comics from the 50s! One comic was \$20 dollars! I was quite upset about this since I do not have \$20 dollars with me. I did find issues of WAULT and MAJIKT, so I got some.

On the third wall, I got some CRYPT comics. I have just subscribed to CRYPT and have just gotten my first issue in the mail. I liked the story "Bats In My Selly!" in issue #1. I would like to say I am your #1 fan, but that's what everyone says. I also saw the "Tales From The Crypt" movie. I liked it!

Jason Jarmoville

Santa Rosa, CA

I'm EXTREMELY upset, I've NEVER had \$20 with me! —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I love your comic book and TV show. I'd like to know what is your favorite food and movie. In your comic book, is there a story with a magician in it? I'd also like to know what year you were born and where your Crypt is located. Sincerely yours,

Michael Heary

Lindwood, PA

I like nothing better than to curl up with a box of shenanigans, terror, and suspense and a tape of "Sound of Music." —CK

Dear Crypt Keeper,

I am a fan of EC comics and you are my favorite hero. Someday I would like to be a part of EC comics. I watch "Tales from the Crypt" every Saturday morning and night. I wish it would come on more often and I just wanted to say thank you for making comics and TV shows! Please print my address. Truly yours,

Marie Caton

POB: 142
Chandler, OK 74804

Dear Crypt Keeper,

You are the coolest guy. Your comics are great. Please give me your phone number. We could make scores together. I really want to do business with you. Your stinky friend,

Michael Palma

Irwin, TX

Sorry to disappoint you, but you can't see mine. —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I just read one of your comics and it was outstanding. I loved both your tales, the Witch's tale was okay and The Vault-Keeper's tale was great. What is scary about a wooden doll that kills a couple of guys?

John Duffley

Paradise Valley, AZ

Really,

—CK

Dear Russ

Congratulations on being on your eighth round of EC comics which is more than what was published under either of the two sixty-four page runs. CRYPT has its usual good run of stories, but these stories get even better in later issues. "The Living Death!" (CRYPT 7) looks like it was taken from an Edgar Allan Poe story. I think that it was called "The Strange Case of J. Mademo." But then the Crypt-Keeper already knows that.

The two stories "Bats In My Selly!" and "Marriage Shocks!" (CRYPT 8) look a little too similar in theme. Excuse

me one story the character turns out to be a vampire and in the other story the character turns out to be a ghoul. There is one thing that I never quite understood though. What is the difference between a ghoul and a cannibal? This issue of CRYPT has a great Faiden cover and the story that it illustrates is not bad either.

Warren Sandford

Burnsville, CA

The difference between a cannibal and a ghoul is nothing that it minutes in a microwave oven's cross.

—CK

Dear Russ Cochran,

I really like Crypt-Keeper. In fact, he's the man of my dreams (he he). I'm trying to save my money so I can subscribe to CRYPT. If it's no trouble could you please send me a picture of the Crypt-Keeper?

Ashley Cassell

Greenwood, IN

Save time, break into that college fund! —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

My name is Julio Martinez and I am 15 years old. I am your biggest fan, and also your friend.

The [episode] I liked in your cartoon show is "White the Cat's Away." I've seen it 13 times.

Can I be in your show "Tales from the Crypt?" Could I be in your comic books?

Julio Martinez

National City, CA

Maybe. Have you been Cheated, betrayed, strangled, fried, hanged, stoned, staked, zombified, reanimated, electrocuted or had an intimate experience with a bladed household gadget? If so, you, too, could be the centerpiece of an EC story! —CK

Dear CK,

You're the most stupid storyteller I ever heard of! Your story's don't even scare my 5 year old sister (Ducky!) when I read her "And All Through the House." she told me it was a very boring bed time story and left! And—oh, well—I'm sorry. That was my letter to CK, Vermy Perry.

I just had a few questions for you. Could you please give me a list of all the stories EC released from Ray Bradbury and what issue they were in? And did Graham Ingels do any werewolf stories?

Sean Cho

El Monte, CA

Yes to both. But space is running out. Check each bi-monthly letter column in future for this info! —CK

For available titles search any WERE, HORROR and SCIENCE fiction for WAULT, WERE, KAMLET and TWO-PETED and COME. Don't forget MAJIKT, WERE, HORROR-PARTIAL and COME. See them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this issue for details).

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, \$2 each (subject to availability). \$2 others up thru issue #6, \$1.25 each. Issues #7 and up, \$2 each. Add \$2 per order (\$10 outside US) for S&H.

Write to: CRYPT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 440
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS
TALES FROM THE CRYPT #221 (PL AUG/SEP 81)

COVER by Al Feldstein

"The Trophy"

"Jury, You're Not Yourself Today!"

"I Loved My Death!"

"The Works in Red"

Jack Kirby

Wally Wood

Jack Kaman

Graham Ingels

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EVER LOVE SOMEONE WHO DIDN'T LOVE YOU? PRETTY PAINFUL, ISN'T IT? WELL, IT'S NOT HALF AS PAINFUL AS BEING...



FOR THE FIRST SCENE OF THIS TOUCHING TALE, LET'S LOOK IN ON THE APARTMENT OF MARGARET BINDER, WHERE A DELICIOUS LITTLE EPISODE IS REACHING A CLIMAX...



I'M - I'M **JERRY** FORWARD! I **HAD** TO DO IT! NOW, WILL YOU **PLEASE** GO? AND DON'T **EVER** ANNOY ME AGAIN!

BUT, MARGIE! I'M **BLAD** ABOUT YOU! WON'T YOU LET ME **TRAE** YOU OUT, JUST **ONCE**? TOMORROW, **HOW** WOULD I?



NO! I'M BUSY! I'M BUSY EVERY NIGHT AS FAR AS YOU'RE CONCERNED! HOW WILL YOU LEAVE? I HAVE TO DRESS FOR A HEAVY DATE!

ALL RIGHT, MARGARET! I'LL GO! BUT I WON'T GIVE UP!



MARGARET SMILES BLAME THE DOOR ON POOR EDWARD WALLACE.

POOR BART! WON'T HE EVER GADON ON THAT HE DOESN'T RAFF WITH MET HOW MANY FIBRES DO I WANT TO SLAP HIS FACE?



WHILE OUTSIDE, EDDIE DEJECTEDLY MOVES SLOWLY DOWN THE DAZZLING STREETS.

WHY? WHY WON'T SHE GIVE ME A BREAK? SHE KNOWS I'M CRAZY ABOUT HER! BUT SHE TREATS ME LIKE BART? SHE ACTS LIKE SHE CAN'T STAND ME!



EDDIE CROSSES THE STREET AND ENTERS THE DESERTED PARK! HE SLUMPS DOWN ON A BENCH! SOON A STRANGER COMES ALONG! HE STOPS... EYES EDDIE... THEN SITS DOWN BESIDE HIM.

S'WATTEN, YOUNG FELLENT! YOU LOOK PRETTY SLEEM!

I AM! I'M NUTS ABOUT A GIRL, BUT SHE WON'T GIVE ME A FIBRE!



THE STRANGER SMILES... REACHES INTO HIS POCKET... AND PULLS OUT A CARD...

OH... IS TOMMYT WILL, SO SEE THIS GUY! HE'LL FIX YOU UP! GUARANTEED!

WON'T THAT CAR HE DO?



THE STRANGER NIBS AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT! EDDIE STUDIES THE SMALL WHITE CARD! IT READS 'MUNG STROMMAN, ALCHEMIST! AN ADDRESS FOLLOWS...'

AN ALCHEMIST? BART! I THOUGHT THOSE GUYS WENT OUT WITH THE MIDDLE AGES! OH, WELL, I CAN'T LOSE ANYTHING! I'LL GO SEE HIM!



THE ADDRESS ON THE CARD LEADS EDWARD WALLACE TO A DARK WINDING STREET IN THE OLDEST PART OF TOWN! THE BUILDING HE IS LOOKING FOR IS A RUN-DOWN, DIRTY TENEMENT! HE CLIMBS RAT-INFESTED STEPS TO MUNG STROMMAN'S DOOR...

YES? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I... I WAS GIVEN YOUR CARD! THE MAN SAID YOU COULD HELP ME!



THE WRINKLED, WOODEN OLD MAN STEPS ASIDE AND EDWARD ENTERS A WEIRD ROOM. BOTTLES AND JARS LINE THE WALLS, EACH FILLED WITH BRILLIANTLY COLORED LIQUIDS AND POWDERS. A L... I'M IN WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE. LOVE WITH A GIRL? BUT SHE... SHE DOESN'T LOVE ME!
YOUNG MAN?



OH! I SEE! AND YOU WOULD LIKE HER TO ~~ADD~~ YOU... TO POP-
SUCK YOU... TO LOVE YOU AND GAIN YOU?
YEAH! FINA? WHAT IS LIKE!



VERY SIMPLE! HERE! TAKE THIS! IT'S A LOVE POTION! MY SECRET FORMULA! JUST A FEW DROPS AND SHE'S YOURS... ALL YOURS!
IT... IT MUST BE VERY EXPENSIVE... IF IT REALLY WORKS!



OH, IT WORKS! I GUARANTEE THAT! AND IT'S VERY CHEAP... ONLY ONE DOLLAR!
ONE DOLLAR? IS THAT ALL? I'LL TAKE IT!



GOOD-BYE! WHY GOOD-BYE, YOUNG MAN? AS REVER, FOR NOW! YOU'LL BE BACK! THEY ALL COME BACK!



COME BACK FOR WHAT?

FOR THE ANTIDOTE!



OH! NO! NOT ME! IF THIS REALLY MAKES MARGARET FALL MADLY IN LOVE WITH ME, YOU WON'T SEE ME AGAIN!

WE'LL SEE! WE'LL SEE!





EDWARD RUSHES FROM THE WEIRD ROOM DOWN THE BARBARIC-LADEN STAIRS... AND RACE ACROSS TOWN TO MARGARET'S APARTMENT...

OH, EDWARD! ARE YOU BACK AGAIN? I TOLD YOU

I. I CAME TO SAY GOOD-BYE, MARGARET! I'M GOING AWAY!



GOOD! TALK! MEANER! HOW YOU'LL STOP BOOTHERING ME!

I SPOKE! THIS TIME, MARGIE! WILL YOU HAVE JUST ONE DRINK WITH ME... TO WISH ME FAREWELL!



ANYTHING ANYTHING TO GET RID OF YOU!

GOOD! I'LL POUR IT OUT!



EDDIE POURS THE WINE, AND SECRETLY EMPTIES THE CONTENTS OF THE LOVE POTION INTO MARGIE'S GLASS...

WELL! HERE'S TO YOU! MARGIE! I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU!

AND HERE'S TO YOU! BOOD! BOODANCE!



MARGIE DRAINS HER GLASS! EDWARD STARES AT HER EXPECTANTLY...

WELL! YOU CAN DO NOW! DON'T JUST STAND THERE LIKE A DUMMY! WE'VE JUST BOODDED!

Y-YES! BLESS I WILL DO IT...

WELL! IT DIDN'T WORK!

EDDIE RELUCTANTLY OPENS THE DOOR! MARGIE WATCHES HIM FRIBBLY! THEN THE COLD LOOK IN HER EYES SOFTENS... SHE SMILES...



OH YOU BIG OVERSOWS DID! COME HERE! I'LL KISS YOU GOOD-BYE!

WELL!

MARGIE REELS AT EDDIE'S PUCKERED LIPS! SUDDENLY SHE GASPS! SHE THROWS HER ARMS AROUND HIS NECK AND KISSES HIM... A LONG HARTUNGLED KISS! A KISS OF LOVE!



EDDIE! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

OH, MARGIE! MARGIE!

HOLDS UP! YEP! IT WAS JUST LIKE OLD ULKIN, THE ALCHEMIST! MARRIE FEEL... HEAD OVER HEELS! EDDIE AND SHE WERE MARRIED! SHE **LOVED** HIM... **SPONGERIFIED** HIM... **LOVED** HIM... **LOVED** HIM... **LOVED** HIM TILL EDDIE THOUGHT HE WOULD GO AWAY!



DARLING... DARLING... EDDIE? SWEET... HANDSOME... DIVINE EDDIE? OH, HOW I LOVE YOUR EDDIE? OH, HOW...



MARRIE, YOU GOT IT OUT! I'M TRYING TO READ! GO SIT OVER THERE!

MARRIE, SPURRED BY EDDIE, MOVES TO THE CHAIR, ACROSS THE ROOM! THERE SHE SITS, SMILING, SMILING AND STARRING AT EDDIE...

DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO DO, MARRIE? MUST YOU SIT AND STARE AT ME?

I LOVE YOU! I HAVE NOTHING IN LIFE TO DO EXCEPT LOVE YOU! YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING... MY...



IT IS LATE THAT SAME NIGHT THAT EDDIE KNOCKS ON MARRIE'S DOOR...

AM I YOU'VE FINALLY COME BACK! I WANT SAY IT TOOK YOU LONGER THAN USUAL! YOU MUST BE A VERY PATIENT MAN! YOU WANT THE ANTIDOTE, NO DOUBT?

YES! I CAN'T STAND HER ANymore! SHE CRAWLS ALL OVER ME! SHE'S DRIVING ME CRAZY!



HERE! HERE YOU ARE! A FEW DROPS OF THIS AND IT WILL BE ALL OVER! IT'S SWIFT AND SURE! DOESN'T LEAVE ANY TRACE!

IT... IT **KILLS** HER?



YOU HAVE A BETTER METHOD? IN-NOT ONLY... WELL... I MIGHT INTEND TO KILL MEN! YOU SAY IT LEAVES NO TRACE? NOW BROTHER?



ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

WHAT? BUT THE POTION...

YES! THE POTION IS CHEAP! THE ANTIDOTE IS EXPENSIVE! I LOVE MONEY ON THE POTION! BUT I WOULD RATHER MAKE IT UP ON THE ANTIDOTE! AND ANYONE WHO BUYS THE POTION ALWAYS BUYS THE ANTIDOTE... SOONER OR LATER! WILL YOU BUY OR NOT?

Y-YES, I WOULD!



AT BREAKFAST THE NEXT MORNING, EDWARD SPILLS THE 'ANTIDOTE' INTO MARGIE'S COFFEE WHILE HER BACK IS TURNED...



OH, DEAR! YOUR TOAST ISN'T READY YET! I'M SORRY, DEAREST!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MARGARET! I LEFT MY WATCH IN THE BATHROOM, ANYWAY!

BUT THOUGHTFUL, EVER-LOVING MARGIE, KNOWING THAT HER DARLING HUSBAND LIKES HIS COFFEE HOT, SWITCHES CUPS... BECAUSE HER STEAMER SINGS...



COME, DARLING! YOUR COFFEE IS GETTING COLD!

YOU CAN START! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

BUT MARGIE, THE DEVOTED WIFE, WAITS PATIENTLY FOR EDWARD TO RETURN TO THE TABLE! AND EDWARD DID SO! WANT TO AVOID WITNESSING HER...



SMALL BY THE WAY, MARGIE'S COFFEE'S IS IT, DEAR? OH, GOOD THIS MORNING!

I'M SO HAPPY... I... EDWARD!

EDWARD SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR AND IS VERY STILL! HE IS QUITE DEAD! DRIFT AND SLEEP... JUST LIKE ALICE SAID! THERE IS A SLIGHT SMILE ON HIS FACE...



EDWARD, DARLING! SPEAK TO ME! SPEAK TO ME!

THERE IS A SMILE ON HIS FACE BECAUSE... SOMEWHERE IS THAT UNKNOWN WORLD THAT IS THE NEXT-AFTER... AS EDWARD TRAVELS THROUGH THE MIST...



OH, WELL! SO I DRANK THE ANTIDOTE INSTEAD! SO I'M READY AT LEAST, I'M AID OF HER!

YES, EDWARD SMILES AS HE MOVES THROUGH THE MIST! BUT THE SMILE IS SHORT-LIVED, FOR...



EDWARD! DARLING! WAIT FOR ME!

THAT... THAT'S MARGIE'S VOICE!

YES! IT IS MARGIE'S VOICE! SHE BUZZES THROUGH THE MIST, PUSHES UP TO EDWARD, AND BROTHERS HIM WITH KISSES...



OH, DARLING! WHEN YOU DIED, I KNEW I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GO ON WITHOUT YOU, SO I COMMITTED SUICIDE! NOW, WE'LL BE TOGETHER FOR ETERNITY!

OH... NO... NO!

YES! YES! SHE'S RIGHT, EDWARD! BUT DON'T WORRY! MAYBE SOMEDAY YOU MIGHT BUMP INTO LEAD STRONGARM AGAIN! PERSONALLY, I WOULDN'T SET ON IT! I DON'T THINK HE AND YOU ARE HEADED FOR THE SAME PLACE!



OH, BY THE WAY! WANT OF YOU HAVE ASKED ABOUT SUBSCRIBING TO TALKS FROM THE GRIFF! FOR THIS INFORMATION, READ MY COLUMN, 'THE GRIFF-KEEPER'S CORNER'!

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

ARE YOU'RE BACK? DO YOU LIKE THE LITTLE TID-BITS OF TERROR I USE OUT OF MY CAULDRON, OR? WELL, COME IN! COME IN! DON'T JUST STAND THERE GASPING! IT'S ME, THE OLD WITCH... MISTRESS OF THE MIGHT OF FEAR! COME CLOSER TO THE FIRE... WHERE IT'S WARM! THEN WHEN YOU BRAYER FROM THE STORY I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU, I'LL KNOW IT ISN'T FROM THE GOLD! COME! GOOD! THEN I'LL BEGIN! THIS IS A TALE DRIPPING WITH DREAD! I CALL IT...

THE WORKS...IN WAX!



MY STORY BEGINS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, IN ENGLAND? ON A DARK AND WINDING STREET IN OLD LONDON STANDS A FANCY STRUCTURE. THE WOOD LANE WAS MUSEUM? INSIDE, THE OWNER HADS CROOKS AT HIS ESSENTIAL SOLUTIONS WIFE

WELCOME MARKET IT IS TIME TO OPEN UP! ARE ALL THE TABLES DUSTED?

YES, HENRY! I AM FINISHED! YOU MAY UNLOCK THE DOORS!



THE FAME OF THE MOSS LANE WARWORKS IS WIDE-SPREAD! OUTSIDE THE BATTERED DOOR, A CROWD HAS ALREADY GATHERED! TOURISTS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TRAVEL TO SEE THIS FAMOUS MUSEUM... AND ITS NOTORIOUS CHAMBER OF HORRORS!

THE DOORS ARE OPENING! STOP PUSHING! WELCOME, LADIES AND GENTLE MEN! WELCOME TO MAME AND HENRI MATAUD'S WARWORKS!



YES! MAME AND HENRI MATAUD'S WARWORKS IS WORLD RENOWNED! I KNOW WHY! BECAUSE THE WAR FIGURES LOOK SO REAL! THEY THEY LOOK ALMOST ALIKE! AND IN THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, WELL... YOU CAN IMAGINE.



LOOK AT HER FACE! SHE ACTUALLY LOOKS LIKE SHE'S BEING STRANGLED!

THAT'S JOHN BARON! HE STRANGLED THIRTY-THREE WOMEN BEFORE THEY OUGHT HIM.



SAY! DIDN'T YOU TURN MY MARCH MURDERER'S STOMACH? YOU'RE EVENING WITH ONE OF HIS VICTIMS!

IT'S THE FAMED MARCH MURDERER, SYDNEY EICHENAU, WITH ONE OF HIS VICTIMS!



THAT'S JACK, THE RIPPER! I'D SWEAR HE NEVER!

AMAZING! YOU ALIVE! THEY LIKED YOUR!

COOK! THE



THE MARCH MURDERER IS ONLY A PLACE, GIRL! A PLACE!

PARDON ME, MAM! CAN YOU TELL ME... MAM! I'D LIKE SOME INFORMATION... GUARD... I SAY! THAT'S VERY RUDE! I'LL REPORT...

GIRL! THAT'S A REAL FIGURE! PEOPLE ARE LAUGHING AT YOU!



THE ANNOYED THROAT PUSHES ITS WAY INTO THE MUSEUM ESTABLISHMENT... FILLING MAME'S OVERSTRETCHED HANDS WITH COINS AND PAPER MONEY! INSIDE, MAM FIGURES STAND EXPECTANTLY, WAITING THE PAYING EYES...

PLEASE... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! PLENTY OF ROOM INSIDE! HAVE YOUR ADMISSION PRICE READY! TAKE YOUR TIME...



SOON, HOWEVER, THE DAY PASSES, AND CLOSING TIME ARRIVES! THE MILLING THROUD IS UNWINDING OUT, AND ONCE MORE THE DOORS ARE CLOSED. HENRI NATAUD BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF...

WHEN? WELL, MARRIE? ANOTHER DAY, ISN'T IT? IS A RELIEF TO HAVE AN OFFICE AGAIN, IS IT NOT?

YES, HENRI! I WILL GRAB THE TABLETS WHILE YOU COUNT THE DAY'S RECEIPTS!



HENRI DISAPPEARS INTO THE OFFICE AND MARRIE TURNS TO THE MARY WAX FIGURES THAT LINE THE WALLS.

WELL! TODAY WAS NOT SO BAD, WAS IT, MY FRIENDS? AT LEAST THERE WERE NO MISCHIEVOUS CHILDREN, ISN'T IT?



AFTER A WHILE, HENRI COMES OUT OF THE OFFICE AND CALLS TO MARRIE.

THE BEST THING WE HAVE HAD THIS YEAR, MARRIE!

MARRIE? MARRIE?



HENRI CALLS MARRIE'S NAME SEVERAL TIMES BEFORE SHE RUSHES UP TO HIM...

MARRIE? DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME CALL YOU?

I... I'M SORRY, HENRI! I WAS... BUSY!



HENRI STAMPS DOWN THE LINE OF EXHIBITS...

SORRY? BUSY DOING WHAT? YOU HAVE NOT CLEANED THE FIGURES! YOU...



SUDDENLY HIS EYES FALL UPON THE EXHIBIT OF JOHN BARRETT, THE STRANGLER...

OH GOD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE! HIS HEAD! YOU FORGED HIS HEAD!

YES, HENRI... I FELT SORRY FOR HIM!



SORRY? SORRY? HE SAVED ME TO DO IT! HE SAID HE COULDN'T STAND LOOKING AT HIS EYES...





MARIE! YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR MIND!

NO, HENRI! NO! MONSIEUR EVERARD BARROTE PLEADED WITH ME...



HENRI TWISTS THE WRIST HEAD SO IT CRACK MORE STARED DOWN BY THE STRANGLER GIRL...

MARIE! LEAVE THE FIGURES ALONE!

NO, HENRI! DON'T!



THEN HENRI LEADS MARIE AWAY... YOU... HAVE BEEN WORRYING TOO HARD, MARIE! YOU NEED A REST!

I'M NOT TIRED, HENRI! I AM ALL RIGHT!

THE NEXT DAY, CROWDS Ooze MORE FLOOR TO THE ROSE LANE WAR MUSEUM...



SEE! THAT'S SYRUS EVERARD, THE HATCHET MURDERER!

HE DOESN'T LOOK SO BAD...

SOMEONE DIED!



AFTER THE LAST VISITOR LEAVES...

MARIE! COME HERE!

YES, HENRI!



MARIE! DID YOU LOWER MONSIEUR EVERARD'S ARM TO HIS SIDE?

OH, HENRI! HE WAS SO TIRED! THE HATCHET IS... SO HEAVY! I FELT SORRY FOR HIM!

MARIE! WHAT IS HAPPENING TO YOU? YOU ARE GOING MAD!

NO, HENRI! IT IS TRUE! MONSIEUR EVERARD ASKED ME... NO... BEHOLD ME... TO LOWER HIS ARM? I COULD NOT REFUSE HIM...

HENRI MATRAUD EXPLODES IN A FIT OF ANGER.



I TOLD YOU, MARIE! LEAVE THESE STATUES ALONE! IF I CATCH YOU CHANGING ANY ARM, SO HELP ME... I'LL KILL YOU!

HENRI! YOU DO NOT BELIEVE ME, SOB, SOB.

HENRI RAISES THE WAX FIGURE'S ARM TO ITS ORIGINAL POSITION...



...AND I MEAN IT! I'LL KILL YOU!

SOB, SOB.

AND AS HENRI STORMS FROM THE CHAMBER OF HONORS...



I. I'M SORRY, MARIE! EVERARD! I AM... SO SORRY! SOB...

...HE MAY NIGHT IN THEIR QUARTERS ABOVE THE WAXWORKS...



I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND, MARIE! YOU ARE GOING TO PARIS... FOR A VACATION!

YES, HENRI!

LATER THAT NIGHT, HENRI IS AWAKENED BY THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER. MARIE'S LAUGHTER...



MARIE? SHE'S... NOT IN BED...

HENRI PUTS ON A ROBE AND DESCENDS TO THE WAXWORKS BELOW.



MARIE? ARE YOU DOWN THERE?

HENRI'S VOICE ECHOES THROUGH THE SILENT WAX MUSEUM AS HE LIGHTS THE LAMP.



MARIE? YOU CRAZY FOOL! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?



MARIE SITS WIDE-EYED IN THE CENTER OF THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

NOW MY FRIENDS ARE ALL HAPPY, HENRY ALL HAPPY...



HENRY'S FACE MOVES FROM TABLE TO TABLEAU.

RUN! YOU'VE RUINED THE EXHIBITS!



I'VE SAID, MARIE HAD ALTERED THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS. IT IS, IN FACT, NO LONGER HORRIBLE.

THEY WERE SO SCREAMING, HENRY! WE WERE TRYING TO FEAR THEM! THEY COULDN'T STARE AT ANY LONGER! I HAD TO DO IT!

YOU TURNED M'ISSIE BARNOTE'S HEAD AGAIN...



LOWERED M'ISSIE BARNOTE'S HEAD.



HENRY'S FACE IS FLESHED! HE CLENCHES HIS FISTS, MOVING TOWARD MARIE.

I TOLD YOU WHAT I'D DO, MARIE! I TOLD YOU WHAT I'D DO IF YOU FOUNDED THEM AGAIN...



HENRY'S HANDS CLOSE AGAIN, MARIE'S WHITE THROAT TIGHTER, TENSION... TENSION...

NO, HENRY! PLEASE! I... DO... IT... AGAIN...



MARIE'S BODY GROWS LIMP AND SHE SLIPS FROM HENRY'S GRASP, DEAD! HENRY TURNS AT A SOUND BEHIND HIM...

I... NO! NO!

THE BILE FIGURE OF DYKUS EVERARD, THE MATHNET
MURDERER, STIRS... THEN TURNS TOWARD HENRI... ITS
EYES BLAZING...

"NOT I'M
DREAMING? YOU'RE BAST!
YOU CAN'T BE... ALIVE!"



JACK THE RIPPER STEPS FROM HIS TABLEAU, HIS WHITE
BLAZING IN THE GAS-LIGHT...

"KEEP AWAY! KEEP
AWAY!"



THE OTHERS... JOHN GARROTE, THE STRANGLER, LUCY
BROOMAN, WITH HER AX... GEORGE CRABTREE, THE
NOTORIOUS POISONER... FREDRICK VON MEINER, THE
SLICEDIDER, WITH HIS CLUB... ALL OF THEM MOVE
TOWARD THE MONUMENTAL, COVERING HENRI BASTARD.

OUTSIDE IN THE DARK DESERTED LONDON STREET, A
BLOOD-CORDELING SCREAM FILLS THE AIR, ECHOING
OVER THE ORNAMENT-POLE...



NO... NO... NO!



THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE MOSS LANE BAYWICKS DOES NOT OPEN
ITS DOORS, THE POLICE INVESTIGATE? THE DOORS ARE FORCED! INSIDE,
THEY FIND A STRANGE SIGHT! A MARE TABLEAU OF WAX FIGURES STANDS
REVERENTLY ABOUT THE BODY OF MARE WATRAD AS SHE LIES ON A WAX-
FLOWER BLOSSOMED ALTAR? AT THE FOOT OF THE ALTAR, A MARE CANDLE
BURNS? AND IF YOU LOOK REAL HARD, YOU CAN SEE... BENEATH THE TRAN-
SLUCENT WAX OF THE TREMENDOUS CANDLE... THE REMAINS OF HENRI
BASTARD...

HEE-HEE? AND THAT'S MY STORY!
SLEEPER? DIDN'T IT JUST MELT
YOUR COLD HEARTS? YES, HENRI WAS
ALL BURNED UP OVER WHAT MARE
DO TO THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS!
BUT HE SOON BOOLED OFF... WHAT
WAS LEFT OF HIM, THAT IS? THE
FIGURES THAT HE AND MARE
CREATED, CERTAINLY WERE LIFE-

LIFE! WEREN'T
THEY FOR LIFE!
LIKE IF YOU ARE
MY NAME WASN'T
CRAY AFTER ALL,
DID IT WAS HENRI
WHO WAS THE
BAST? SEE YOU
NEXT IN
THE PART
OF HORROR!

GOOD
LORD!
LOOK!

HENRI BASTARD!
HE... HE'S THE
WICK... OF THE
CANDLE!



THE
END

YOU SAY YOU
DON'T GET OUT MUCH?

YOU SAY IT'S A 45-MINUTE BUS TRIP, WITH A TRANSFER, TO THE COMIC BOOK SHOP? YOU SAY IT'S A HARROWING 30-MINUTE DRIVE ON THE EXPRESSWAY TO THE MALL, AND THEN A 30-MINUTE MERRY-GO-ROUND RIDE TO FIND A PARKING PLACE? YOU SAY YOUR TOWN DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A COMIC BOOK SHOP OR BOOKSTORE? IS THAT WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, BUNKY? WELL, THEN, YOU SHOULD



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